

or at least he thought so, with scorn. "This is sweetly courteous of you, I am sure," she said in her clear, cold tones; "but I want to understand you perfectly—do you ask me to be your wife because you love me with a love that would choose me out of all the world; or because, after our understanding in the past, honor constrains you?"

"It is late in the day to ask that question," he said, with what indignant manhood he could summon, "now that you have been my promised wife for four years."

She smiled—a smile which promised him no consolation. "Well, I will change the conditions, then. I am no longer your promised wife. I withdraw every pledge I ever made you. Now, if you seek me, it must be afresh. You have thought me a cold woman; but I tell that any man would marry me at his peril who could not give me the uttermost love of his heart. It would be a treason I could never forgive. I should be inexorable as death. Do not speak one word more to me of marriage, unless you know, in your soul, that you love me with a devotion that is absolute, exclusive and for all time."

He had never come so near doing just this thing as at that moment. The keen excitement of her mood had breathed life into this seeming statue. Her eyes shone with a new fire. A brilliant scarlet glowed on her cheeks. There were new tones in her well-bred voice. He had never found her so intoxicating. I think he would have thrown himself at her feet, but that he feared her. Possibly, also, he feared himself. It may be that he had self-knowledge enough to understand that when the excitement of this mood was over, and she had gone back to her old graceful and gracious repose, she would fail to satisfy him, as she did before. With Bessie forever blithe and bonny and beguiling in his memory, dare he swear that he loved Margaret absolutely, exclusively, and for all time?

He rose and bowed courteously. "You have chosen," he said, "for what reason I am unable even to conjecture, to break the bonds that bound us—to cast doubts upon a feeling you seemed in other days to find satisfactory. Against such caprice I am not skilled or patient enough to contend. I will not torment you with outcries—you shall be, as you have chosen, mistress of your own future."

He made his exit with dignity, as he thought. Her eyes followed him with a smile half scornful and wholly sad. "So go four years of a lifetime," she said to herself. The very next afternoon found Mr. Phelps in Riverside. The image of Bessie had taken on new charms, now that it to win her seemed possible. One woman had weighed him in the balance and found him wanting. There would be sweet and full amends in the greeting of this less judicial charmer, who had never seemed disposed even to criticize him. He found a cruel consolation in remembering the swift pallor that had overspread her face when he showed her Miss Sturges's picture. All through his hurried journey he had been picturing to himself the sweetness of her welcome. How the young cheeks would crimson, the dewy eyes gleam and glow, the sweet mouth tremble! That there would be any difference—that she might be estranged, or dead, or even never once occurred to him. Two years had gone by, bringing change and experience to him, as was natural, but she—surely she must be still just the same half-opened rosebud of a girl—like a flower in a picture that

"Biddeth fall to blossom soon; But it never, never blossoms in this picture, and the moon Never ceases to be crescent, and the June is always June!"

He went to see her at about the same hour on which he had seen her first. He knew the household ways. They would be through tea—the Doctor would have gone out—she would be alone. He would have the long twilight, the sweet summer evening, in which to make her happy, to sun himself in her soft joy. He half thought he should find her in the door, as he had seen her stand so often, white-robed and fair. But he saw no one when he drew near the house. For the first time he thought "what if she were dead?" and shivered, as he knocked at the door. A new servant answered his summons, and his inquiry whether Miss Bessie was in.

He sent up his card, and then waited for her in the parlor below. His heart beating as no woman had ever made it beat before. She looked at the bit of paste-board, and smiled. He had come again, then—this man who had held her heart in the hollow of his hand, that other summer, and played with and pitted it, "with a poor-thing negligence!" She took a sheet of paper and wrote on it:

"Do not come to-night—I will tell you why to-morrow."

This she gave to her maid with a few words of direction; and then looking a moment in the glass—for who does not adjust his armor before going into battle—she went down stairs.

She was not quite the Bessie Walter Phelps had expected to see; yet he could not have desired the change. Certainly she was not less beautiful.

If anything, her sparkling, changeful face had gained in charm. But there was an added self-possession in her manner—a new pride in voice and gesture. This was not a girl for any man to love and ride away. Nor, sincere as was his purpose, did he find it easy to tell her for what he had come. She had some new power over herself and others. She chose, for awhile, to keep the conversation on indifferent subjects. She wished to take a fresh sense of this hero, whose star had once ruled her heavens—to see, with her matured powers of perception, what manner of man he was. Would he be able to stir her pulse with any of the old thrill? She thought not—but he might try if he chose; it would be well that she should be altogether sure of herself.

So at last she let him ask the question for the sake of which he had come. He was too much in earnest now for dainty gallantries. He asked her in a few plain words to be his wife; and she answered with a little wickedness, for she was a very human little creature:

"But your cousin, Miss Margaret Sturges! I supposed you had married her long ago."

"No, Bessie, you had made that impossible. I only found out how well I loved you after I had left you. Margaret was too clear-sighted to be deceived, and when she guessed my secret she gave me up. Never fear but I am honorably released. I am yours, now, if you will have me."

"I am afraid Mr. Robert Niles would object," she said demurely.

"Who is Mr. Robert Niles?"

She answered with deliberate cruelty, bearing in mind the very words with which, two years before, he had turned her to stone:

"My friend, whom I am engaged to marry."

Walter Phelps was proud. There is pluck and courage in the *jeunesse doree*. He, too, remembered the old time—the old words. "I congratulate you," he said, as coolly as she had spoken the same words of old.

"Thank you," she answered—"I know Mr. Niles so well that I do not think my marriage will be an experiment."

Just before he left her his heart softened over her, and conquered his pride.

"I have loved you very dearly," he said. "I did not guess how well in that old summer; but I knew afterwards that I had never really cared for any other woman. It is too much for me to ask, in the name of all I feel for you, whether you love this Mr. Niles?"

Her nature always as exquisitely true as it was exquisitely tender, impelled her to the frank confidence which was all she could give him now. If he were really noble enough to rejoice in her happiness she would make him sure of it.

"Yes," she said, with grave, sweet seriousness. "I love Robert Niles. I came very near loving you, two summers ago; but I felt that you treated me ill. You had played with my heart for pastime, but it was a prouder heart than you know. You had amused yourself with me, careless of what you might make me suffer, while you, yourself, were engaged to another woman. When I knew the truth, it aroused against you my pride and indignation, and they cured my budding love. Since then I have known and loved Robert Niles, and he satisfies me entirely."

Walter Phelps looked at her in the soft summer dusk—this fair woman who was not for him. He knew that he had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and that for him there was no place for repentance.

"God bless you for a sweet, true woman, whosever wife you are," he said fervently; and then he went away from her in the twilight, out of the lilac-bordered yard; out of her life, forever.

Rumor says that sometime after that he tried to win back Margaret Sturges and failed. She married his younger brother John, who adored her with single-hearted devotion since that summer when he did escort duty at the Northern Lakes in place of Walter, the absentee. John has never been known to complain that his wife was cold. He prefers his stately white lily to any other man's ardent rose; and there are those who testify to having seen Mrs. John Phelps in her nursery, and heard her talk sweet, foolish, idle-talk as rapturously as any common mother of them all.

So you perceive that our trifter wasted no one's day but his own, in his pastime. The two women, neither of whom he quite knew how to love steadfastly, were happy in spite of him; and he—we can afford to pity him, for he is very much alone.

Nor does he love loneliness. Certain platitudes about love are much in fashion, implying that man's need of love is less than woman's; but there are men and men, as there are women and women. Walter Phelps is precisely the kind of man to covet domestic life. Dissipation, as I said, does not attract him, for his nature is refined. He has money enough without looking for it, so he has not the excitement of business. He has no political ambition; nor has he the tastes of a student. A happy home

is precisely what he needs; but he threw his chance for that away in his youth. Remembering the past, he has a vague idea what love is; and he is determined not to marry without it. So, ever since, he has been pursuing a hope that has constantly eluded him. He can never, try how he will, feel again the glow at his heart that warmed him when he waited that last day for Bessie, in the old house at Riverside. Society has come, at last, to look with mild contempt upon his patient experiments.

I danced with him, last night—a well-preserved man of forty-five—and I wondered if he, as well as I, heard an all-wise young eh! of seventeen, in the insolent pride of youth and beauty, say to a pretty boy of twenty who was holding her fan—

"Just see what airs he gives himself, that old beau!"

"Well, Missus, I's agoin to leave you," said Molly to her mistress, whom she had loved and grown fat with for a good many years.

"Going to leave me, Molly? Why, where are you going?"

"Oh, I's agoin to get married; I've worked long enough, and I's goin to rest my bones."

Of course, Mrs. Jones could make no objection to this common and natural female frailty. So Molly went, and nothing was heard of her for a year or two, when she came back, poor and emaciated, having lost her husband, and all the rest of his human nature is heir to having fallen upon her. Mrs. Jones was much surprised to see her coming, and said to her:

"Well, Molly, have you rested your bones?"

"Golly, Missus—I's rested my jaw bones, and dem's all the bones I've rested."

The editor of one of our exchanges through mistake was so unfortunate as to become an eavesdropper, not long since, and heard a good old lady thus commenting upon the frailties of those poor outcasts we called editors: "I tell you I don't like them editors. They talk just as if they were the lords of creation. Our town, our country, our people, as if they owned the whole town and country and all the people that's in 'em both; and sakes alive, I know, as a general thing, they are the poorest, meanest, sneakiest, good-for-nothingest people on the face of the yearth. Why, there ain't half 'em that's able to wear a clean shirt or a decent hat; and when they go anywhere they have to brag about the hotel so's to pay their bills—and I have heard that they eat enough when they go on these tramps to last 'em a week times."

DIDN'T SUIT HER.—'Twas a shawl the girl wanted. Now the polite merchant prides himself upon his good taste, and having a large stock of shawls, thinks that where he falls to suit, it is useless for any one else to try. He selected a shawl and arranged it in the manner now worn, having some trouble in getting it to lay down in front just to his notion. He succeeded, however, and stepping back a few paces, asked how that suited? "Humph," replied the girl, "I wouldn't be found dead in the woods with that shawl on." The shawl was restored to the box by his affable clerk.

Little Jenny T— is five years old. Her uncle gave her a doll. Jenny cherished the doll with all a mother's care. The other day she was nursing it on her knees; she started suddenly, the doll fell, and the head was broken off. Jenny was overcome with grief at this misfortune, and looked agitated at the poor headless doll; then raising her eyes, said with a sigh of resignation, "Another little angel in heaven!"

A lager-beer house in Hudson county, New Jersey, was formerly a church. The shrewd Teuton who now keeps it was about to erase an inscription painted over the door, but on second thought he left the last line untouched. It is: "Let him that is athirst come."

An exchange says: "Father Boyle of Washington, addressing a school on the subject of Easter celebration, a young miss asked him: 'Father Boyle, what is the origin of Easter eggs?' A hen no doubt miss replied the father quietly."

"Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, after she came from a Baptist church, "there is to be dreadful doings this afternoon! The minister gave out that he should dip four adults and ten adulteresses."

A consequential young fop asked an aged country sexton if the ringing of a bell did not put him in mind of his latter end. "No, sir," replied the grim old grave-digger, "but the rope puts me in mind of yours."

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept, except one man, who, being asked why he did not weep with the rest? "Oh," said he, "I belong to another church."

The editor of a Kentucky paper was thrown into a pond by a prize-fighter, and is said to have swallowed some water for the first time since his boyhood.

A good-natured spinster boasts that she always has two reliable bonus at hand—elbows.

Isaiah Joyce says his wife having turned him out of doors at Rockland, Me., he will pay no debts of her contracting. Right, Isaiah.

Josh to young man: "Don't be discouraged if your mustash don't grow; it sometimes happens where a mustash duz the best nothing else duz so well."

Chicago wants to have the next world's fair held there. "In the first place," says the Boston Post, "it isn't certain that the next world will have a fair, and in the second place those who'd be likely to attend it will prefer a more pious town in which to celebrate."

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech in a country village out west. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat beside him, whispered, "Tip'em a little Latin, General; they won't be satisfied without it." The "hero of New Orleans" instantly thought of a few phrases he knew, and, in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming: "E pluribus unum, Sine qua non, Ne plus ultra, Multum in parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.

At Barnum's show, one day, not long since, a young husband, the happy father of a chubby-cheeked baby, was wandering about the concern, and after a while neared the headquarters of the "Wild Fiji Cannibals." Holding the aforesaid offspring in his arms, he stopped to view these feeders of human flesh. Mr. Fiji accosted the papa thusly: "Fatee baby, white man; good eat; tender. Fiji man like him. How muchee price? Fiji man pay Melikee man heap dollars." The father drew back aghast, but hastily responded in this wise: "What'll you give, noble savage?" "Fiji man give ten dollars." "Too cheap; worth more; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got a nice old mother-in-law at home I'll sell you for five dollars. She's rather tough eating, but good for a square meal."

JEWELRY.
Watches, Clocks,
SILVER-WARE.
Louis Wolfgram,
TROY, MO.,
Has an Excellent and Full Stock of
WATCHES,
And CHAINS,
BROOCHES,
EAR-BOBS,
SEAL RINGS,
PLAIN RINGS,
And Many Other Articles.
WATCHES AND JEWELRY
REPAIRED.
WORK WARRANTED.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS
SAVINGS BANK
TROY, MO.

DIRECTORS.
Walter Perkins, Jas. W. Welch,
F. C. Galt, J. B. Bondie,
Wm. Colbert, C. W. Martin,
M. N. Watts, Doug. Wyatt,
John A. Knox, J. R. Britton,
Wm. M. Norton.

Deposits received, Collections promptly attend d to, and Remittances made at lowest rates of exchange.
Gold and silver, County, State and Government bonds bought and sold.
Interest allowed on time deposits; 4 per cent. per annum for 4 months, and 6 per cent. per annum for 6 months.
Letters of Credit, Foreign Bills of Exchange on all the principal cities of Europe furnished at current rates.
Exchange on St. Louis or New York sold on favorable terms.
No Charges made on Collections for parties residing in the county, for money paid on Demand.

E. N. BONFELS,
June 28, 1873. Cashier.

M. SEDLACEK
Has just opened a new saddle shop in Troy.
Saddles, Harness, Bridles



AND COLLARS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Repairing Cheaply Done.
Troy, September 10, 1873.

TAKE NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that I have commenced a suit in the Lincoln County Circuit Court against James Leach, to dissolve the co-partnership existing between the said Leach and myself. Be it distinctly known therefore that I will not be responsible for any debt or debts, or for any contract which the said Leach may incur or enter into for any purpose whatever.
Oct. 20, 1873. **FREDERICK WING.**



REDUCED IN PRICE!
THE NEW IMPROVED
FLORENCE.
THE GREAT FAMILY UTILITY MACHINE

The lightest running, most simple, durable, most easily operated Shuttle Machine in the market. Does many more styles of work, and has a greater variety of, and better attachments than any competitor.

The Only Machine that makes Four Distinct Kinds of Stitches and that will sew in opposite directions.

Either Side or Back Feed, as desired

IT IS THE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE OF THE DAY.

Send for Circulars of Machines and attachments. Agents wanted everywhere.

DOLTON BROTHERS,
Gen Agents.
214 North Fifth Street, St. Louis.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS OFFERED FOR CASH.

SORGHUM MACHINERY,



CANE MILLS,
EVAPORATING
PANS,
FURNACES
Pamphlets and Prices sent to parties applying, who will please mention in what paper they saw this advertisement.

Semple, Birge & Co.,
13 SOUTH MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

Cuivre Concert.
To be held December 25, 1873, at Millwood, Lincoln County, Mo.
TICKETS OF ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR, which entitles the holder to a chance in the drawing.

PLAN OF DRAWING.
One thousand five hundred Tickets will be sold, and each holder of a ticket will be admitted to the Concert, and also entitled to a chance in the drawing. The drawing will be conducted by three disinterested persons, to be hereafter selected. The prizes to be awarded will be as follows:

Half acre of Land with Store House and Dwelling situated on it, valued at	\$1,000.00
One Home Sewing Machine, worth	65.00
Two gent's gold watches, worth \$80 each.	160.00
Two silver watches, worth \$35.00 each.	70.00
Two patent watch chains, worth \$32.50 each.	65.00
Two ladies patent watch chains, at \$32.50 each.	65.00
Fifty copies of The Troy Herald, worth \$1.50 each.	75.00
IN ALL \$1,150.00 TO BE DISTRIBUTED to holders of tickets in this grand enterprise in 50 different prizes. Prizes drawn will be forwarded to the parties entitled to them, and a warranty deed will be made to the land. For further information or Tickets, apply to E. W. EARLY, Cuivre, Mo. Or, JOHN WILSON, Agent.	

\$5 TO \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes of working people of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me. (7449)

NOTICE.
All persons indebted to me on note or account are respectfully requested to settle without delay. After June 15th, 1874, I shall collect all claims for law.
JOSEPH B. ALLEN.

ADVERTISE
Your Business in the
TROY HERALD